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Missives
from
Flower-land



MISSIVES FROM FLOWER-LAND

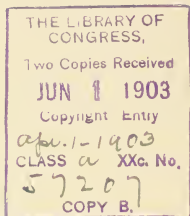
BY
GRACE K. HOUP



PETER PAUL COMPANY

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Of all the pretty posies
I thought you'd like the rosies.

For Love's sake,
These Posies take.

A few little rose buds, bonnie and gay,
Bear a message of love to you to day.

These little buds are very wee,
But they tell I've not forgotten thee.

Only a pure white rose
To wish you joy from dawn to close.

May thy path be strewn with rosies
And many other lovely posies.

The blush of this simple rose
Has a thought for thee to uncloze.

The Roses promised they'd say
Something nice to you to-day.

I've sent this rose of amber hue,
To tell how fond I am of you.

There's a serene, unuttered speech,
The yellow rose alone can teach.

Of all the flowers fair to see,
This Easter Rose I send to thee.

'Tis a sweet rose! And so I ask
To take it for your own,
That it may bring a tender thought
Of sunny days we two have known.

The dainty white rose is so pure and true,
I thought it would do to send to you.

In language mute, but fond and true,
The violets have a word for you.

I wished for something sweet to send to
you,
And the violets asked if they'd do.

The violets are so good and true,
I thought they'd do to send to you.

The violets asked if they might say
Something nice to you to.day.

The violets whisper such tender things
and true,
I've asked them to say something nice to
you.

For Love's sweet sake,
These tender violets take.

As month by month glide past,
The violets are faithful to the last.

These violets of tender blue,
Wanted to remember you.

I've asked the violets, in their good heart,
If they'd to you, my love impart.

Because I love you so!
These violets whisper soft and low.

The violets whisper an ancient lay,
Of love that's true, and lasts for aye.

Sweetest breath of violets' bloom
Shall fill her kerchiefs clean
With mickle rare perfume.

The violets blue, so good and true,
Say they've not forgotten you.

Sweetest breath of violets rare,
Send I, with love, to one most fair.

Violets blue are always true.

Oh! Roses and Lilies are fair to see;
But the modest violet is the flower for
thee.

The violets send a greeting line
With memories dear, for 'Auld Lang
Syne.'

The violets send a greeting
Affectionate and true,
To say one heart is beating
That still remembers you.

The little yellow violet brings
Thoughts of such sweet and tender things.

The modest violets are here
With tidings glad for a 'Happy New
Year.'

The Lilies and Violets are here
To wish you 'Merrie Xmas' and 'Happy
New Year.'

These modest little violets sweet
Scatter blessings at thy feet.

What can be more soft and mellow
Than little violets all in yellow.

If other flowers become passé,
The Violets are the same always.

These violets said they would impart
A tender message from my heart.

Each flower can some love recall,
But Violets say the most of all.

With all the sweetness of a gift unsought
The Violets send you a little thought.

The Violets are sighing for somebody
When Somebody gets this sachet,
Somebody will know that somebody
Has not forgotten the day.

What the Violets say is, indeed, complete,
So modest 'tis and speaks so sweet.

No flower by the dew of the twilight wet
Is so sweet as the pure, white Violet.

The violets promised they'd convey
A message sweet to you to-day.

No words have so great a power
As is expressed in this simple flower.

One day the Violets whispered to me
They had something sweet to say to thee.

A little white violet said to me
'Twould like a little surprise for thee.

There's a serene, unuttered speech
The Violet's bloom alone can teach.

The Lilies and Violets love you well,
That is what they've come to tell.

May each morrow bring happiness anew,
Speak these tender violets true.

The violet of Heavenly blue
Is the flower I'd choose to send to you.

L. of C.

These tender blue-eyed ones
Whisper forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

These little flowerets of azure blue
Repeat a tender message to you.

In my heart there's a tender spot
For the pale, blue forget-me-not.

A few little blossoms blue
To say I've not forgotten you.

These little flowers of tender blue,
Asked if they could remember you.

There's such a tender thought
Expressed in the blue forget-me-not.

Pansys, they say, are constant and true,
And do you wonder I send them to you?

The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, brightest things.

May these little flowers I'm sending,
Bring you joy that knows no ending.

That peace, which none can take away,
Be thy rich gift, this 'Xmas day,

How much a wee blossom can say,
To make the heart glad on Easter day!

Strange a blossom so small and shy
Could say so much, so much imply!

Simple, indeed, the flowers, and few,
But a tender message speeds to you.

Just as a remembrance of the day,
Breathes this tiny, little nose-gay.

These bright little blossoms gay,
Wish 'many happy returns of the day.'

With every good wish,
By bright blossoms spoken.

Rejoice! 'Tis Yule tide.

Altho' this token's small,
It's only a remembrance, that is all.

A little posie I send to thee,
Just to awaken a thought for me.

May thy path be strewn with flowers;
Of the brightest hues in Eden's bowers.

May happiness be always thine,
No stormy days, but all sunshine.

May these posies bring you peace,
Love and joy which never cease.

For the dainty lily's sake,
Pray this little token take.

With love and best wishes for the day,
Breathes this tiny, little nose-gay.

This little blossom so dainty and wee,
Speeds a hearty greeting to thee.

May each tinted leaf repeat
Something to make the day more sweet.

This painted thought, dear friend of mine,
I send for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

My thoughts are with thee, friend of
mine,
With wishes warm for Auld Lang Syne.

A little posie, bright and gay,
Just to say, I've remembered the day.

With many happy returns of the day,
Is spoken by this little sachet.

Simple, indeed, this little sachet,
But it brings something sweet to you to-day.

This little sachet I send to thee,
With such a pleasant memory.

This little flower of crimson hue
Has come to tell I think of you.

A few little blossoms sweet,
To scatter blessings at thy feet.

Sweet tokens are they,
These flowerets gay.

This painted memory of Spring,
Has such a happy thought to bring.

It fills my heart with keen delight,
To send these little flowerets bright, or
(posies white.)

I've thought of all the flowers that blow,
I've searched this wide world over,
But the dearest one to send, I know,
Is the little four-leaved clover.

My heart with rapture fills
To send you golden daffodils.

This little flower, enchantingly shy,
Says so much with her timid brown eye.

The Daisy loves you well,
That is what it comes to tell.

Strange ! this flower with the golden eye,
Can say so much, and be so shy.

Of all the flowers in the dale,
The Daises tell the sweetest tale.

This memento I send to one far away,
To say I've thought of you to-day.

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